



The Woods



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Chapter 1 by Jack B

Crunch. Crunch.

Sweat slid down my face as I opened my eyes in my bed. What a bad dream I thought. That thing in the woods. At least it was a dream.

I made myself a cup of coffee and ate some burnt toast. You see, I live in a cabin in the woods, all by myself. I don't remember how I got here, or why I'm here. All I know is that I'm supposed to gather wood for the thing. I bring it to the clearing in the trees by the tall jagged rock. That's what I do all day, every day.

Chapter 2 by 20hupj



Everyone else I once knew is dead, whiped out by a mysterious disease. For all I know I could be the last human left.

I do not remember who told me so, but I know that if I do not gather the wood I will surely die. I do not know the purpose of such an activity, only that it must be done and I have been doing so since I was old enough to chop wood.

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I vaguely remember a life other than being awake for the thing in the woods. I remember someone who towered over me, my brother. But to remember such things is no help, for they are surely dead.

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Day in, day out I just chop wood, no matter how sick or unwell I am. Every time my head hits the pillow the only thought I think is I must get away.

I used to think it was a doomed thought. That was until I met her in the woods.

Chapter 3 by Forge.



I was chopping wood as she approached.

The day was hot and the sweat ran down my face. I wiped the sweat from my eyes as I saw her approach.

She was wearing a light, flowing dress and she was walking directly toward me. As she got closer she seemed to become transparent. I wiped my eyes again and realized that now I could see right through her. Was she a ghost? Were my eyes playing tricks on me? I looked closer at her. No, I can definitely see her and see through her.

I instinctively knew she had something to tell me; perhaps a message of some sort. Dropping my axe, I walked toward her until I was close to her. I looked at her expectantly and waited for her to speak.

Chapter 4 by Chaitanya Yeturi



She gazed me for minutes together, as if she was expecting to see me.

I was still scared of this situation, but my confusion was hid behind the fear. The fear to know the unknown.

"I still got the axe behind, if she tried to attack me!" I thought.

She moved even closer to me; closer than the distance that actually is needed. She hugs me tight.

"Why did you leave sweetheart? Why? I have been too alone." She cooed

trying to control her

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I didn't have any memories

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very familiar

"Who are you?" I asked.

She moves her hand towards her mouth, with a sign amusement, and tears running all over her cheeks.

Did I had a wife? Was I married? Did I also had a home.

"You're....."

Chapter 5 by Hannah Harvey



"My Son" She cried. She looked behind her and screamed. Then she disappeared. I sat down on the log. But then I heard it.

"Crunch."

"Crunch."

I ran back to where I had left the axe, for I had walked several feet without knowing it. Immediately and hurriedly I started chopping wood. I was practically paralyzed by fear, but still I kept chopping. That night, as I lay in bed, I had the dream.

The woods.

Running through leaves, and tiny feet tripping on logs just to be pulled back up and start running again.

Hands holding each other, One small and dirty, the other one slender and dirty as well.

A Scream

Blood staining the dirt floor.

and darkness.

then I heard it.

"Crunch."

"Crunch."

I wake up in a cold sweat, my arm holding a knife. I don't know where it came from. I don't want it but at the same time I have an ominous feeling that I would need it sometime soon. As I get up to take a shower the front door opens and in steps

Chapter 6 by NishithaAwasumCool See more of Story Wars



The thing I didn't know he
I hid behind the bathroom door, waiting the

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"I know you are here." the thing warbled. It's speech was slurred together. I realized quickly that it wasn't used to talking.

I pushed myself farther into the bathroom, which wasn't at all that big. I closed my eyes, hoping that I would somehow disappear.

The thing only got closer.

I slowly peeked out of the bathroom through a crack that I had made in the door.

The thing walked on all fours, like an animal. It's fur was matted and damp. It's tail was swinging back and forth, knocking down the few possessions I owned. The tail was scaly, and looked strikingly like a whip. It suddenly turned to face the door. I could see it's eyes in great detail now. They were an icy blue, which greatly contrasted with the rest of the monster.

Before I could react, the thing had pounced on the door. It knocked it down with one shot. It was 12 feet long, not including the tail.

It was on me in less than a second.

I squirmed underneath it's firm grip. It grinned when it saw my struggle. Anger welled up inside of me.

It opened it's mouth to say something. It's smile grew even wider. I could see the sharp teeth ready to pierce anything in it's way. "You can call me Gravehound."

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